

# The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

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Volume 35  
Number 6 *The Messenger*, Vol. 35, No. 6

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Article 1

4-1909

## The Messenger, Vol. 35, No. 6

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### Recommended Citation

(1909) "The Messenger, Vol. 35, No. 6," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 35 : No. 6 , Article 1.  
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol35/iss6/1>

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# THE MESSENGER.

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VOL XXXV

APRIL, 1909.

No. 6.

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## To Easter.

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BY C. L. STILLWELL, '12.

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Hail, happy Easter! hail thou blest of days!  
Thy sacred memory of a hallowed past  
To us is dear. On this glad morn at last  
He 'rose. Henceforth and evermore our praise  
Shall be to Christ, the *risen* Lord, our King.  
The painful crown of thorns did pierce His brow.  
His side, His hands, His feet did bleed—but now  
The cruel wounds are healed, so we can sing  
Our joyful songs to Christ the Victor true.  
Bring hither sacred flowers this Easter morn,  
O Flora, that His brow we may adorn  
With crowns of flowers, red and white and blue.  
Burst forth, O songs of angel choirs to-day,  
Ring bells—play harps—peal out your happy lay.

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## Wilson Reading.

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"THE ELDER."

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**A**S the shadows were falling on Exeter campus, one evening towards the end of the session, a young man might have been seen walking slowly toward the main dormitory, reading a letter while a puzzled and rather quizzical expression came over his countenance. He had just received a letter from home, which read in part as follows:



"Now, my boy, your mother and myself are looking forward towards June with hope and pleasure. Pleasure that you will have reached one milestone in your life—that of graduation—early in life, for you know that your mother and myself were deprived of such a privilege, and hope that you will like an idea we have long cherished and hoped for. I shall not tell you what it is now, but will wait until June."

"What in the world have they in mind, I wonder," thought the boy. A thousand surmises passed through his mind, but none seemed to exactly fit in. "However, they intimate that it will keep, so I won't worry about it. Well, if there isn't Harlow! "Hello there, old man. I thought you had gone over to Williamston for the night. Come, let's walk down to the Quadrangle."

"All right, Reading. I'd just as soon take a stroll as not," said Harlow, and arm in arm the two boys passed out of sight around the dormitory.

Wilson Reading, as might be surmised, was in his senior year at Exeter College, and was the only son of a couple now old and in their decline. He was their hope and pride. A handsome, stalwart young fellow, with that peculiarly clean-cut look about his eyes and face, active and athletic, with a chin and nose that indicated determination and will power. He had come to college from his home, a quaint old-fashioned farm house, nestling in a setting of trees, out in the country. His parents, by economy and sacrifice, had been able to send their son to college and supply him with the demands of the average student and then save a little. When he first came to college, like all other country boys, he had a great deal to learn, but he had the keen intuition which many country boys possess, coupled with natural ability, which soon won for him a place of respect and confidence with his fellows. Another thing that probably added much to his popularity was the fact that he was the "star" pitcher of the college. More than once he had snatched a victory from what seemed a decisive defeat, and amid the applause of his fellows been borne from the field. While but a chap a professional pitcher had stayed in a village near his home,



and having noticed Wilson, had taken pains to teach him "some of the tricks of the profession," as he pleased to call them, in which Wilson proved an apt pupil.

But in his college life Wilson had not been indolent. While studying away at his books he had been looking to the time when he might finish and start in business—"win his spurs" in the world, as he said. Already his eyes had been fixed on a partnership in a commission business with an uncle, and some time before he had talked at length with both his uncle and father about commission business. The nearer June approached the more he anticipated the end of his studies and the beginning of his business career. No farm life for him. Had he not won his bread by the sweat of his brow when but a boy? Too well he knew what farm life called for, and now he could live by using his brain. No more toiling and drudgery from sun to sun. And besides, he wanted to see something of the world—not a world bounded on one side by a woods, another by a creek, a third by the public road, and the other by a village. But something of the *real* world. He would travel for his uncle, go West and buy grain and other produce by carloads, and ship it in to be resold. How often he had lain awake at night and let his mind wander and gloat over his prospective successes and business deals.

June finally came with its roses and graduates, and looking into the fond and admiring eyes of his parents in the audience, Wilson heard himself declared a graduate of Exeter. How proud and yet how differently he felt from what he had anticipated. He started homeward with his parents. His father told him of the farm, how the crops were getting on, and how the work was progressing. A few days later found Wilson donned in overalls at work in the hay fields. The work was laborious, as he only had one helper, his father having hurt his hand in the mower a few days before. This was on Friday. That night, at the supper table, his father asked him if he remembered the letter.

"I certainly do, and I intended to ask you about it before this," said Wilson.

"Well," his father said slowly, "it is about time now that you were deciding upon some line of endeavor for your life's work.



Your mother and I have been thinking about it for a long time. As you know, we did not have the advantages of an education, such as you have had, and, in fact, we have worked very hard in order that we might make a home for you. Years ago, when we bought this place, we thought that if we succeeded in paying for it we would be satisfied. We have been able to do more than that, for we have sent you through college and then managed to save a little nest egg for this occasion to give you a start in the world. We have come to love the old place as only one can love a home. Each foot of land, each tree, each building has a meaning to us. When we are gone this will all belong to you, and will be yours to do what you wish with, but while we live we want to live here, and to have you with us. And so the proposition is this: You know the Wingfield place is for sale, and mother and myself thought we would buy it, add it to this place, and turn it over to you, if you would accept it and stay with us. We are getting old and will need someone soon to look after us. It is true that farming is not altogether the most attractive vocation, but, my boy, it is independent, and that means a great deal to any man these days. There is a good living in it, and after all, you can get no more than a living. It is not that your mother and myself are selfish, or that we are unambitious for you. On the contrary, there is nothing we would not do or wish for your sake, but there is need for good, true, strong men in the country, and you can attain a success right here. Now this is our plan. Of course, you need not, in fact, we would not have you accept it, unless you want to."

While his father had been speaking the young man had been gazing across the table out into the darkness. Once or twice he had ventured to glance at his mother, but she was watching his father. So this was their idea, was it. To make a farmer out of him. Could he give up his prospects even for them? His mind was in a turmoil.

"I'll tell you, father," said he evenly; "I had not thought to farm for my living. I wanted to go into business with Uncle John. In fact, I have talked with him about the commission business." And he told his parents of his plans.



"Well, son," finally said his father, "I shall leave it with you. If you say so, I will invest the money into shares of the store. But you had better think over it for a while."

So ended the talk. That night was a restless one for Wilson, for he realized he was at the crossing of the roads. He worked hard the next half day, and in the afternoon a crowd of his companions came by in a large wagon for him, to pitch the last game of the season against their old rivals. It was probably the last game they would ever play together, and the boys, while full of fun, were somewhat sobered by this fact. There was a good crowd to see the game and plenty of rooting, but, somehow, Wilson could not get into the game with his usual vim. He could not put out of his mind the face of his father and mother as he remembered them from the night before. At intervals in the game he seemed to hear his father's voice, "while we live we want to live here and have you with us." The other team were having it their way. The boys begged Wilson to brace up, but although he played well, it was plain something was lacking. In the first part of the seventh inning he saw the captain with a queer look on his face ask another player to warm up a little, and the meaning dawned upon him. For the first time in his life, in his last game, he was to be taken out of the box. He did not go to the bat in the last part of the seventh, but sat apart by himself, with a downcast face.

Yes, he was going to—in fact, had to all appearances already lost the game. Everything was working against him. Again he seemed to see his father and mother, and to hear his father's voice. He remembered how hard and rough his father's hand had felt when he clasped it after receiving his diploma. He thought of his sacrifices for him, that he might get an education,—might be well equipped for life. His mother, too, rose in his mind's fancy, with her kindly, and once fresh, sweet face, now faded and drawn with lines of toil and care, with her true, loving eyes turned upon him. Her hands, too, that might have been as soft as any lady's, were rough and hard, worn with the duties of the household, which might have been done by a hired girl, but for him. The many sacrifices, the many little thoughtful, loving deeds, remembrances, came to his mind one by one. They had toiled, labored, enslaved them-



selves for his comfort, his betterment, his advantage, and how was he repaying them? "When we are gone." He had not thought of his parents as actually growing old till now. When they are gone it will be all mine perhaps. They love the old place too, and they won't be here long. It made him shudder. Such thoughts came tumbling over each other in his mind in confusion.

Suddenly he looked up, and to his left, where the game was still being played, his side not having yet been retired. It was still not too late. Shaking himself as he rose to his feet as if to cast off his past thoughts, he tossed up his head with firm gray lines about his eyes and mouth, walked up to his captain and said rather abruptly:

"Say, Williams, I have never asked you a favor on the field, have I?" "No," said the Captain, puzzled.

"This is our last game, and it looks like I have already lost it. Give me a chance to redeem myself and let me play the rest of the game. Just for old time's sake, Billy."

The captain looked him over more puzzled than ever. "Why, Wilson, they have pounded you unmercifully all over the field, and the team have lost confidence in you now. You have lost the game. I thought I would put Donnelly in to try and hold the score as it is."

"Remember, Cap., this is our last game, and this is my first and last request." Something in the boy's look, and his appeal must have changed the captain's mind. "Very well, then; I'll try you another inning. But for goodness sake pull up, will you?"

It is a matter of college tradition to this day of how Wilson Reading had three men up and three men down in the next two innings, while his team did the impossible by tallying three times, tying the score, and how Wilson won the game himself in the tenth inning by getting a three-bagger, scoring one of his mates.

After the game he was escorted from the field in high glee by the crowd of rooters, and after a spread of refreshments was driven home amid the shouts and farewells. As they neared his home he saw his father waiting at the gate for him. How glad he was to see him. As they drove up his father greeted the boys kindly and was vociferously told how Wilson had saved the day, and after three



rousing cheers for father and son they drove off home. Arm in arm the two walked to the house.

"By the way, father," said Wilson as they were nearing the house, "I guess we had better get an option on the Wingfield place Monday." His father looked at him for a moment, and then rewarded him with a pressure on his arm that Wilson understood, although not a word was spoken. As they walked in the house, meeting his mother, he said, "Mother, father and I are going to buy the Wingfield place Monday," and kissed her, and together they walked into supper.

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## Then and Now.

BY LEANDER.

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I remember years ago  
 With thee quietly sitting  
 In the silent vernal eves,  
 Sorrows ne'er permitting.

Still the April breezes blow  
 O'er the restless river,  
 'Gain the eventide returns,  
 Bringing memories ever.

Weeping willows wail and sigh,  
 Mocking-birds are singing,  
 Ghosts of years long dead return,  
 Melancholy bringing.

Now the April moon looks down  
 On the church-yard lonely,  
 Where, instead of thee and me,  
 Thou art resting only.

*C2. Stillwee*



## The Need for an Industrial Education.

BY C. N. JOHNSON, '11.

**T**HE national movement for the promotion of industrial education is one of the many signs that the United States is becoming more and more a country of varied productions. This nation, with its vast fertile domain, always will have enormous agricultural interests. However, these very interests lead to the up-building of great manufactures, such as the making of farm machinery. An industrial nation, both to supply the home markets and to compete with other manufacturing nations in the markets of the world, must have a system of industrial education.

The public schools of the country were founded on the idea of providing an education to meet the needs of all. As they have been developed, changing needs have been taken into account in the school courses. With the increase in commerce, and a greater demand for book-keepers, etc., such studies as commercial arithmetic and commercial geography have been added to the list of studies. At present, manufacturers, enlightened labor leaders, educators, and social settlement residents are calling attention to the increased demand for trained workers for industrial enterprises. It is insisted that the public schools should do more in order to fit prospective industrial workers for their occupation. The rising generation of wage earners need industrial instructions to be better able to make a living. Many questions arise in this general connection. How much manual training, mechanical drawing, and elementary instruction about machinery and the factory system can be introduced in the grade schools? Will trade schools and industrial high schools give a boy what he has lost by the abandonment of the apprenticeship system and the changes resulting from the modern factory plan of conducting industry? These questions in turn bring up the question of the attitude of trade unions toward industrial education. Increased ability of wage workers to earn a living, and greater material prosperity for the nation, should not be made the



ends of an industrial education. If properly developed it would train each worker to see the relation of the factory to his community and to civilization. Increased efficiency of the workers in the end should mean for them both larger incomes and shorter hours of labor, permitting thereby a fuller enjoyment of the home, of social intercourse, and of mental development.

Unfortunately, the term "Industrial Education" suggests to a large number of people in this country the idea that it is some kind of a system for making lazy people work, or for training those who are poor in pocket and slow of brain to do the menial things of life so as to provide time in which the graduates of institutions of higher education may do the thinking of the country. There is, it is true, some ground for these misapprehensions, because industrial education, as it is understood to-day in Germany, has been largely applied in this country to those schools which are engaged in training men and women to become efficient and self-supporting in various trades, such as carpentry, millinery, machine sewing, and various other types. Ex-President Roosevelt, in his trip to the West some time ago, made an address to the students of the State Agricultural College at Lansing, Michigan, a large part of which was devoted to consideration of the need in this country of an industrial education. He made light of the fear of pauper labor against whose competition, it is so often alleged, the American working men need protection. What we have to fear especially, when we contend for our share of the world's markets, is the competition of the highly skilled working men of the countries' industrial efficiency. Mr. Roosevelt said: "We have been fond, as a nation, of speaking of the dignity of labor, meaning thereby manual labor." Personally, I do not think we begin to understand what a high place manual labor should take, and it never can take a high place unless it offers scope for the best type of men. We have tended to regard education as a matter of the head only, and the result is that a great many of our people,—themselves the sons of men who have worked with their hands—seem to think that they rise in the world if they but get a position where they do not have any manual labor to perform, a place where their hands will grow soft and their clothes will be kept clean. Such a conception is both false and detrimental. There



are, of course, kinds of labor where the work must be purely mental, and there are other kinds of work which, under certain conditions, very little demand is made upon the mind.

If a boy leaves school when he is fourteen, or perhaps younger, he brings to his occupation no direct preparation from his public school. His object is to make all the money he possibly can, no matter if the occupation is a blind alley of trade which leads to destruction. If he happens to get a position where there is a chance of advancement, it is very difficult for him to rise higher, because the business is not organized, or rather based on that principle. He soon learns idleness and loafing and becomes industrially rotten before he is industrially ripe in years. The business men of to-day want the schools to send them boys in good health, mentally, morally, and physically. It is required that a boy have vim and energy.

In San Antonio, Texas, a system of school gardens has been developed, and W. T. Carter, of the United States Agriculture Department, pronounces it to be one of the finest in the country. Mr. Carter, who is an expert, is making a tour of inspection of school gardens, and says he finds great interest in the movement to make gardening and agriculture a great part of public school education.

It has been the uniform experience of trade and other schools established for apprentices and other beginners in the trades, that their advantages are made use of, to a surprising extent by men of mature years, whose needs were considered but little, if at all, in the original plans. This was brought out very forcibly at the Industrial Education Convention held at Chicago. The uniformity of this experience leads to the idea that the needs of adults should be considered in the organization of the schools, and more so in the industrial training schools.

People of to-day are waking up to the fact that not only the white boys must have some form of an industrial education, but also the negroes.

In Kowaliga, an industrial community in Alabama, fire destroyed two dormitories and two workshops, at a loss of \$20,000.00. Immediately steps were taken to rebuild this plant, even on a larger scale and a more permanent plan. The results coming from this



plant and the greater demand for its instructions were fully recognized, and the people were unwilling to do without them.

Industrial education will teach many things. It will give a boy a chance to choose the work he likes best, and will teach simplicity, solidity, and above all, honesty of character.

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## The Development of the English Courts.

BY ROBERT G. WILLIS, '09.

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**B**EGINNING with the Permanent Council we will trace the growth and development of the judicial system of England down to the present day.

Just as the Permanent Council and Parliament grew out of the National Council, so they in turn had their own expansion and development. From the Permanent Council came the modern Privy Council and the Courts of Exchequer, of Chancery, Common Pleas, and King's Bench. Out of the Privy Council grew the Council of the North, the Star Chamber, and the High Commission Court, all of which have passed out of existence, and the Cabinet, which remains, is the most powerful factor of English government to-day. The Lords of Appeals in Ordinary—certain members of the House of Lords—became the Supreme Court of England. As sub-divisions of this court we find the High Court of Justice and the Court of Appeals. There are three divisions of the High Court of Justice—Chancery, Queen's Bench and a Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division. As this is only a rough outline of the courts of the central government, we will now take up the subject in detail and also consider the courts of the counties and rural districts.

The Permanent Council, or *Curia Regis*—this term was applied to both the National Council and the Permanent Council, but later exclusively to the King's Bench—with administrative, judicial, and legislative powers, did not long work as a single body, but soon began to separate into different divisions—the officers of State came



to form the Privy Council, while those, who were versed in financial and judicial matters, gradually assumed the duties of judges, dispensing justice, and of financiers, controlling the accounts, revenues, etc., of the kingdom. The direct heirs of the Permanent Council in a judicial way were—

1. The Court of Exchequer, which primarily had the power of auditing finance accounts and later acquired jurisdiction of cases in which the King was concerned. The members of this court were called Barons. Twice a year every sheriff must appear at the Exchequer Chamber and account for the sums due from his shire. The name Exchequer seems to have been taken from the chequered cloth which covered the table and which gave the idea of a game of chess as the treasurer and sheriff transacted business. This court existed until 1873, when, by the Judicature Act of that year, it was merged into the Court of Appeals, of which something will be said later.

2. Court of Common Pleas.—The judges of this court had charge of civil disputes between subject and subject, but had no jurisdiction over cases in which the King was interested, nor in cases of a criminal nature.

3. King's Bench, which retained all the remaining business and always accompanied the King wherever he went. This court became the *curia regis* in its strictest sense. These divisions of courts from the old *curia regis* took place in the reign of Henry II. and over all the same staff of judges held sway. But before Henry III. died each court came to have its own staff of judges and to be independent of each other.

4. Court of Chancery, which assumed the equitable functions of the realm and was presided over by that all-important official, the Chancellor.

Not only did the Permanent Council split up into the committees or courts just mentioned, but its successors in administrative and legislative affairs; the Privy Council also took upon itself judicial powers and produced some well known and hated councils, among which the Star Chamber, the High Commission Court, and the Council of the North are the most famous. Out of the Privy



Council also grew the Cabinet of the present day, but we will not consider that body, as its functions are purely executive and legislative. The Court of the Council of the North, one of the most hated tribunals the English people had to endure, "was instituted at York by Henry VIII. in 1537, after the suppression of the great northern insurrection to administer justice and maintain order in Yorkshire and the four more northern counties, independently of the courts of Westminster." But Stafford, who was made president, exercised his authority so widely and was so tyrannical that it was finally abolished.

The High Commission Court, another source of great annoyance to the English, was established by Elizabeth in 1583 with the most extensive powers. Forty-four commissioners composed this tribunal, twelve being prelates, three, of whom, one must be a bishop, constituted a quorum. It was not long before the people began to complain of the arbitrary measures of this court, and so it was abolished by the Long Parliament during the reign of Charles I. It was, however, re-established in the reign of James II. in defiance of the act of the Long Parliament.

The most odious of these oppressive tribunals was the Court of Star Chamber, established in the reign of Edward III. This court takes its name from the room—the starred chamber—in which its meetings were held. It was very powerful for a while, but continual complaints caused its jurisdiction to decline until the Tudors came to the throne. Henry VIII. established a new court somewhat like the old one, but not called by the same name. "It was composed of the Chancellor, Treasurer and Lord Privy Seal, and any other two of them, as judges, together with a bishop, a temporal Lord of the Council and the two Chief Justices." The President of the Council was soon added to the number of judges. Under Henry VIII. the Star Chamber was revived with all its old jurisdiction. It became a court of criminal equity, had charge of disputes between alien merchants and Englishmen, of numerous maritime laws, of public misdemeanors, etc. Fines and imprisonment were its usual punishments, but it could inflict any punishment short of death. They were in many cases oppressive and often ruinous to those concerned. The court was finally abolished by the



Long Parliament in 1641. With the abolition of these councils we have the incoming of the supremacy of Parliament.

So far we have taken up the Great Courts, Councils, etc., but justice in England has not always been dealt out by courts. We find that there were sheriffs, justices, assize judges, etc., who had a large share in judicial matters. So we will now take up these.

In early times prior to the Norman Conquest we find the sheriff the most important official under the King. He was the representative of the King, being usually nominated by the King, was the judicial president of the Shiremoor, executor of the law, etc. At first, in a judicial, military, and financial way, the sheriff seems to have been equal in power to the *ealdorman*, but soon he came to assume the duties of civil administration in particular. The office was not hereditary. But the sheriff's powers were too great to abide, and he gradually found his authority slipping away from him. He especially abused his power of returning members to Parliament. The sheriff in each county had the power of returning two knights for the county and two burgesses for each city or borough in his bailiwick. But as no specified cities were stated in the writ, he often excluded certain cities from voting, and hence won much unpopularity in this way. The first real check to the sheriff's power came when the King sent justices on circuit. These officials held their assizes in different parts of the country, went from place to place, and when they had completed the circuit returned to London. This was to save those concerned the trouble of bringing their cases to London—some times from the remotest parts of the kingdom. Of the courts that developed out of the Permanent Council, the Courts of Exchequer, Common Pleas, and King's Bench sent their judges on circuit, but the Court of Chancery remained in London and carried on its extensive work there. The itinerant justices were established by Henry II. in 1176. He divided the country into six districts, for fiscal and judicial purposes, and appointed three itinerant judges to each; but, of course, there were later many changes both in the number of judges appointed and in the number and time of circuits made. These judges "formed a link between the *Curia Regis* and the Shiremoor, between royal and popular justice, between the old system and the new." Another blow came to the sheriffs when



in 1170 Henry had them tried for malfeasance in office, upon which they lost their offices and exchequer officials took their places. Again in 1194 "Custodians of Pleas of the Crown" were established, and in 1215 Magna Carta shut the sheriff out from taking part in the King's justice. Then when the office of the sheriff was limited to one year his power practically ended. The justices of the peace now took their places, and have continued down to the present. These justices, commissioned in the fourteenth century, were country gentlemen of high standing in their counties. They were appointed by the Chancellor for life, and while the borough justices were paid judges, the county justices served without remuneration. At first these men were only conservators of the peace, but in 1360 they became justices, before whom criminal cases especially were tried. Gradually the justices became the most powerful officers in local government until 1888, when the County Councils took charge of their administrative and financial affairs and left to them the strictly judicial functions. It is difficult to enumerate the extensive powers which the justices wielded before 1888. We find them ranging from the regulating of play-ground up to the trial of criminals. So we see that these justices played an important part in the affairs of the country.

The English people never have been very strong on juries, but in most cases seem to have preferred judges. They are gradually disappearing, though in earlier times juries were used in special cases. In regard to civil cases, they are now heard by judges of the High Court of Justice in London by judges of that court while on circuit throughout the country, or by the county courts, which were established in 1846. The old county courts, which in their day were an important factor of local government, have long been laid aside. These old courts trace their origin back to Alfred the Great, or Egbert, and were composed of the sheriff and all the freemen of the shire. On the establishment of the *Curia Regis* their jurisdiction over affairs of the clergy was taken away. The modern county courts, consisting of single judges, who hold their offices during good behavior, retain their name in respect to the old custom. The jurisdiction of these courts is this: all cases of debt and damage not over £50 and in cases of equity, except those involving more



than £500, and those of slander, libel, seduction, and all matrimonial cases. Criminal cases are tried before county justices, borough justices and before judges from the High Court of Justice. All criminal cases are tried by juries except the minor ones. The justices hold their quarter sessions every quarter for hearing cases of weight and importance, but for cases of less importance the county is divided into petty sessional districts by its quarter sessions, and petty sessions are held in different parts of the county. Appeals can be made from the petty sessions to the quarter sessions.

Having considered the lower courts of justice, let us now look at the higher courts. The House of Lords, one of the branches of Parliament which developed out of the Great Council, early became the Supreme Court of the realm. "It is from the mixed powers of this assembly and the double capacity of the Peerage as members both of the Parliament or Legislative Council, and of the Deliberative and Judicial Council that the House of Lords derived its judicial character as a Court of Appeal. It has ceased, however, to act as a body in this respect. These duties are now performed by the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, consisting of the Lord Chancellor and four Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, who are judges of experience sitting as life peers—called Law Lords. This court acts when Parliament is not in session, either after a prorogation or after a dissolution. By the Judicature Act of 1873 the general courts of the kingdom were grouped together under the name Supreme Court of Judicature. There are two divisions of this court—the High Court of Justice and the Court of Appeals, and over both of these the House of Lords acts as a court of final appeal. The ordinary courts of law—Chancery, Queen's Bench and the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty—come under the High Court of Justice. From these appeal may be made to the Court of Appeals; from this court to the House of Lords. The Chancellor and five judges constitute the chancery division of the High Court, the Lord Chief Justice and fifteen judges the Queen's Bench Division, while in the third division we find only two judges, one presiding over the other. These divisions of the High Court act in no special order or schedule, and changes are often made by an order in Council. One judge very frequently hears a case, so practically the High



Court is equal to twenty-three courts, that being the number of judges in the three divisions. The Court of Appeals, composed of the Master of the Rolls, five Lords Justices, and the Presidents of the three divisions of the High Court, considers appeals on questions of law and fact.

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## To Poetry.

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BY LEANDER.

---

Oh! for a seat by the Pierian Spring,  
To dwell in close communion with the Muse,  
That to the realm of verse of noble use  
E'en I might be, and not this useless thing.  
O Poetry! thou tongue of the soul; thou life  
Of fancy; thou golden harp which sweetly plays  
The music of the sad heart's yearning maze,  
In realms where fancies never are at strife;  
O that to Mighty Jove through thy sweet strains  
I might my overburdened heart outpour  
With such a goodly ease that nevermore  
My soul would grieve because of useless pains.  
Ye Poetry! music of the gods. I pray  
Come bring me hope through some sweet simple lay.



## The Devil's Diary.

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EDITED BY OWEN 'LEVEN, '11.

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### III.—GERTRUDE AND THE DEVIL.

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**A**PRIL 20, 1906.—Time flies! And the dust on my diary has been increasing with its flight, until this morning (Saturday), when with indescribable feelings I opened the drawer where it has lain undisturbed since receiving my confidences about that romance of mine at my aunt's gate. I scribbled much verse afterwards, but that has passed into oblivion. I interred it in the mud of Stoney Lonesome Creek the same day that Old Baldy found some of it on my desk and kindly enquired if it was supposed to have any meaning.

When I moved my fingers over this old record just now they persisted in fashioning two words in the dust—*Mary Jane*—as if to insinuate that she is the only girl in the world. I admit that Mary Jane has greatly influenced my thought and action, but there are others—Gertrude, for instance. This world is large, and contains all kinds of girls. How many may I yet meet! Indeed my life is just beginning, and I stand here on its threshold filled with awe as I contemplate the joys and sorrows of future years. Oh! what may I not encounter as I journey across the country from my seventeenth to my seventieth milepost? I am seriously thinking of achieving a little greatness as I go on, and, among other things, I hope to get out a few dozen volumes on the theme: *Adam's Descendants: An Exhaustive Study of Their Several Idiosyncracies*. My *nom de plume* will be *Prof. Knowitall*. As the subject has never yet been treated in its entirety, I judge that this will be a very profitable field of study for me.

I opened this book to write an account of certain incidents which form a distinct epoch in my history.

At sixteen girls often change their names—and their sweet-hearts. Their ideas of lovers in the earliest teens are vague and



general, but at the age of which I speak their ideas tend to become more specific and concrete. Mary Jane is sixteen. Her accepted lover, who is in his second year at college, is stepping into his twenties. I am seventeen, and not in college. Thus by the unerring rules of logic you observe that I am not Mary Jane's accepted lover. To give you an idea of her position in this matter, I quote a few words from her own sweet lips, which jarred me considerably some months ago:

"Willie, you are a dear, good boy, and I shall always be your friend. You know I have always liked you, but—but," and here the crimson threatened to over-run her lovely face—"but there is only one man in the whole world for me, and that man is—"

"Hush!" I said, and I think my voice was somewhat hoarse, although I never have colds.

"Do not murder my ears with his name!"

She seemed startled, and the blood fled from her face. Her tears started, and she lifted her arms appealingly to me.

I must risk the danger of diverting your attention just here by remarking that in all of the Shakespeare which Gertrude and I have read together there are few situations more dramatic than a few that I have observed in actual life here in the quiet mountains.

On this occasion I turned and stalked from the room as does an actor when his role is over, and his place must be given to his successful protagonist.

Although this is tragic, just here I clinch my teeth and my pencil, and avoid overturning my ink or spilling too much sentiment. Perhaps it is expedient that I should here change the scene.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was autumn. The forests were dropping their brown mantles, and the evergreens served only, by an ironic contrast, to tell us that summer was dead. But I wrote no poetry, for I am of the opinion that my thoughts were too deep for tears, or even for verbal expression. Gloom and monotony monopolized my days and spread over the external world, it seemed to me, and within them ruled the same kind of stuff. I had slept through dreams of Mary Jane's love and awaked to see *my* Mary Jane vanishing and giving place to that college student's Mary Jane.



But I turned to my books and began school again in earnest. There was no need for me to try any longer to solve the insoluble: the mysteries of the feminine mind were inscrutable. There was a feature in this year's school life that in a measure diverted my mind from reflections too sombre. That college student, during his summer's visit at this place, liked the air, the water, and the scenery so well that he thought that his sister (who happened to be Gertrude) might enjoy a whole year in the mountains. So the college student placed his sister in the home of his father's friend, who came here years ago in search of the simple life.

Gertrude did not attend school regularly, but I saw here frequently last fall with friends whom she made, for she seemed to have a wonderful talent for creating admirers, both male and female. She had been reared in the city, but had that peculiar tact, so rare among mortals, of adapting her city manners to rural communities in such wise as to attract rather than repel the admiration of these rustics.

In my honest judgment she is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen in this section. Many of the fellows went wild over her, and being repulsed when their attentions indicated that their hearts were in an alarming condition, ran off into the woods to hunt foxes and forget her. I hesitate to call her a coquette—she is not that exactly—and yet that word alone can suggest to you the immense amount of sentimental pain of which she was the innocent cause. In fact, it took me several months to find out that it would be very unjust to call Gertrude a coquette. Surely she was not to blame for being so dangerously attractive.

Gertrude came to know Mary Jane, who must have told her something about how I loved her. I know now that Mary Jane did not tell her how badly I had been smitten. One day shortly after I became acquainted with her she approached me like an angel and inquired with a sweet smile:

“Willie, would you like to have Mary Jane's picture?” And she displayed a tiny photograph.

I started slightly and eyed her intently. My wounds were by no means healed.



"No," I blurted, and then, "Why, yes, I should, indeed."

"And mine, too?" she said coyly, withdrawing the photograph.

"Yours especially," I said.

This last was a prevarication on my part, which I hope was justifiable under the circumstances. I could not foresee how seriously the matter might end. Moreover, there was something in this mode of procedure that assisted in a small degree in keeping my mind off of the exasperating way in which another damsel had played with my emotions.

Thus the flirtation began and I entered into the game with much zest. She wrote me a mass of notes sprinkled with wit, and French, and Shakespeare. I came back at her in a similar vein except that I knew no French to use, and very little Shakespeare. My pencil became rather willful and wrote a number of things for which she gave me back as good as I sent. I thought I was learning a great deal about her. I had to learn some Shakespeare, and I even bought a French dictionary and grammar to keep up with her. I tried to forget Mary Jane, and was succeeding slowly and painfully. I became more and more interested in Gertrude.

While she was spending a few days in a nearby town I did the thing that brought matters to a climax. I had been thinking of that other maiden a great deal too much. It seemed so strange to me that I could not love Gertrude in place of Mary Jane.

"Why," I exclaimed mentally, "if Gertrude were as easy to woo as playing hookey from school I could not forget Mary Jane." But this is a part of what I wrote:

"I have no words with which to describe the excellence of your art. An expert would think that you were in love with me should he read what you have written since I met you. But I, who know you, understand perfectly that you have only been playing your side of a little flirtation game with admirable skill. You know that I have not been deceived, surely. Now I am just a little tired of the game; let's rest awhile. When I read your fine sentiments I wonder just how you would talk if Fate had made you actually fall in love with me (absurd idea!). I have tried to love you in earnest, but only made a farce out of all my fine talk. I suppose it is better as it is, for if I could coax my heart into a real



longing for you, you would certainly not be the least bit touched by all my tender wooings. Let's quit the game, I say."

The following week while walking with a friend near my home I unexpectedly met this city girl to whom I had allowed myself to write such an odd, whimsical letter—odd, I say, and yet at the time I meant it all. She was alone.

"May I speak to you privately?" she said, addressing me.

Wondering, I turned aside to be spoken to privately by this most fascinating young lady.

"Pray, what does this letter mean?" she said.

"Isn't it explicit?" I replied. "I did not mean to be at all rude, but I was so tired of talking like a lover all the time. It is sacrilegious to play the hypocrite around Cupid's altar, Gertrude dear, as you and I have been doing. The game is over."

I tried to laugh, but could not on account of thinking too seriously just then of all the bliss I had been robbed of by this girl's brother.

"Game!" she echoed, in a tone that seemed to indicate genuine surprise. "What do you mean?"

The idea struck me like a thunderbolt that perhaps she had understood me to call her a coquette. And then I tried to become frivolous as I exclaimed:

"*Mon Dieu!* What is wrong, *ma chere?*"

"I cannot understand what your intentions can be in writing me a letter in a tone so unusual. Have you never really loved?" she queried.

"Why-er—slightly ('with irony') and that is the very reason that I could not lose my head over you. I—"

"That is enough," she broke in. "Then you were not serious; you have not meant all you said; you have never loved me?"

"Certainly not," I said rather bravely. "I have no more loved you than you have loved me."

I began to feel that I had completely failed to discover the motive of this young lady's actions. Had the little vixen really been expecting to break my heart? What could she be driving at now?



She began a very dramatic speech, which enlightened me somewhat. "I am amazed! I thought you were brilliant, but you are stupidity itself. I have loved you with all my heart. I have believed all your declarations of love, fool that I was. You have been one long falsehood,—you have deceived me. Oh! well, we must learn in a life time,—but oh! I have loved—"

But she never said it. Maidenly reserve came to her rescue, and she said what made me admire her more than any girl I have ever known.

"I hate you!"

"I could almost love you, if I thought your hatred was bitter enough," I said. "I am delighted to hear you talk like that."

After a pause she asked sarcastically, "Could you learn to love me?"

"Never," I said. "I wish I could."

"May I ask who it is that is so happy as to possess your love?" she continued, haughtily.

I looked away across the country towards a certain girl's home, and answered, sincerely; for here, if ever, I should have been absolutely frank.

"I have never loved any one but Mary Jane, I am happy to say."

"Much happiness," she said, as she was passing on.

"There is no happiness for me, Gertrude," I said, with bitterness, which I did not try to conceal.

"What?" she said, turning around.

"Your brother has monopolized Mary Jane's heart, and I am not in it," I said.

I saw a new light steal into her lovely eyes, and, for the first time, we read in each other's faces the bare truth. Both of us had experienced and felt all that "unrequited love" means to those of a tender age.

\* \* \* \* \*

As I was walking by the railroad this morning the train went roaring by, and I was much surprised to see that city girl aboard. Her eyes happened to catch mine for one moment, and I bowed gallantly and raised my hat. She smiled faintly and turned her



head. The train disappeared and left me standing there trying to formulate theories to explain two girls—Mary Jane and Gertrude.

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### Kinship.

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BY E. M. H., '08.

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When doubts portend and shadows fall,  
And lowering clouds hang over all,  
And fears beset the mind;  
Then breathe a prayer to Him on high,  
Who notes with eager ear and eye  
The hopes which live and those that die  
In the breasts of human kind.

A kindly act or deed of love,  
A handclasp clothed in Friendship's glove  
May help a weary soul;  
A whispered word of courage spoken,  
Or simple sign of Love's own token,  
May cause a wounded heart, nigh-broken,  
To reach the highest goal.

A bit of warmth and homely cheer,  
A little sunshine, strong and clear,  
Makes gloomy days seem brighter;  
A helping hand in time of need,  
Unselfish aid devoid of greed,  
Or just a noble, thoughtful deed,  
Makes heavy hearts beat lighter.



## Marlowe's Mephistophilis and Goethe's Mephistopheles.

BY C. L. STILLWELL, '12.

**T**HERE is a marked difference in Marlowe's Mephistophilis and Goethe's Mephistopheles, though these two characters have many decided traits in common. In intellect, Mephistophilis is far inferior to the devil in Goethe's play. He does not seem to understand the Bible as well, and in argument he is considerably less logical. It would be hard to positively decide which of the two can invent more schemes for conducting the works of hell, but it seems that the balance is in favor of Mephistopheles. Both are adepts at disguises, whenever such strategies are needed for the forwarding of their plans.

Mephistophilis comes to Faustus first as a devil, but is told to attire himself as a Franciscan friar, for that habit would become his devilish work better; whereupon he disappears, and almost instantly returns, clothed as Dr. Faustus prescribed.

Like Mephistopheles, he longs for Faustus' soul, and urges Faustus to sell him his soul, and like Mephistopheles, he requires the bond to be sealed in Faustus' blood; but, unlike Mephistopheles, he fails to utter those words of bitterest irony when the contract is made—"Blood is quite a peculiar juice."

Strange to say, while Mephistophilis is but the servant of Lucifer, he seems to possess more power than Mephistopheles, who, as told in the words of Launcelot Gobbo, is the Devil himself; but, as much power as he has, we cannot understand how it can possibly serve or comfort him, for he is so enslaved by misery and pain; and we almost have a touch of sympathy for him when, in answer to Faustus' question as to why he is out of hell, he utters such words as these—

"Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it;  
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,



And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,  
 Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,  
 In being deprived of everlasting bliss?"

Truly, Mephistophilis finds that "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." And, after all, perhaps no hell can be more horribly tormenting than the pangs of a guilty conscience.

\* \* \* \* \*

Like Marlowe's devil, Mephistopheles is true to the laws that bind him, and he works faithfully for the interest of hell. Like Mephistophilis, he gives his victim what he promises him; but he often deals treacherously with Faust. At one time he deceives him into causing Margaret to murder her mother, while the maiden thinks she is giving her mother a cordial which will make her sleep until day, but never dreaming that the slumber would be eternal. Again, he makes Faust kill Margaret's brother, under the impression that he is no relative of hers; but Faust is promised that he may only have Margaret, the beautiful young girl, and, with the realization of that promise, he was expected to be content.

Mephistopheles also has the power of changing his appearance at will. At one time he comes into Faust's study as a poodle, and, after he is in, discovers himself to Faust. But his power seems to be checked by the laws of hell. It is a law binding on devils and phantoms that they must go out the same way they stole in. On the threshold of Faust's study there is a pentagon which devils are not permitted to pass. Mephistopheles did not see this pentagon when coming in, so now he is Faust's prisoner. But Faust falls asleep, and the devil has a rat come and gnaw the ill-starred figure so that he can make his escape.

He frequently adds the sin of eavesdropping to his other crimes. He spies upon Faust when in conversation with Margaret, and intrudes upon the privacy of his restful moments. He comes upon his victim when he is in a reverie. Faust tells him, "I would you had something else to do than to plague my happier hours."

"Well, well," said the Devil, "I will let you alone, if you wish. Truly, it is little to lose an ungracious, peevish and crazy companion in you." Thus he often bursts out into bitter sarcasm.

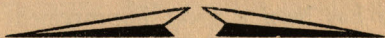


## MARLOWE'S MEPHISTOPHILIS AND GOETHE'S MEPHISTOPHELES

He is quick at repartee and logical in argument. At one time we may see him conversing fluently on theology; again, we may find him taking Faust's place in his study. On one such occasion, a new student comes to him, thinking he is the learned and famous Dr. Faust. He proceeds to counsel the young man, and, though it comes from the mouth of a demon, much of the advice is good.

We find in him a vein of humor which is lacking in Mephistophilis. We get a glimpse of the humorous side of him on such occasions as that on which the merry fellows are gathered in Auerbach's cellar. He makes them see a vision of a glorious vineyard, and has them pulling each other's noses, thinking they are bunches of luscious grapes.

Neither of the devils have any influence over virtue. Mephistopheles admits that Margaret is too pure for him to injure her. He can only ruin Faust, because he sold him his soul; but Margaret is free from damnation. True, she is betrayed into giving her body away and murdering her mother and child; but finally, in the prison cell, just in time to escape the hangman's cords, death releases her, and her soul is borne above by the angels, while Mephistopheles must be satisfied with dragging Faust to hell.





# THE MESSENGER.

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## The College Grounds.

The approach of spring brings that listlessness known and felt by all, and with it comes a kind of careless indifference to surroundings and conditions. We have heard recently quite a few nice things by visitors to the College about the order and neatness of the grounds and buildings, and we must admit that there has been a great improvement both in keeping the campus free from scrap paper, waste, etc., and in keeping the grass and walks in good condition. But we wish to bring to mind the old adage about the "stitch in time." To be sure, we are doing nicely, and at the present pace, with the kindly assistance of the Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings, we may continue to do so, provided we do not let the "spring fever" get into our veins to such an extent that we shall get careless enough not to care where we throw waste paper, or anything that would tend to make the



campus unsightly; for we are judged by many people simply by the existing conditions, rather than by ourselves. A visitor who has neither the time nor opportunity to see the student body must necessarily judge us from what he sees of the buildings and grounds, and how humiliated we must necessarily feel if one should pass through the campus or buildings and find the campus literally strewn with paper, or the recitation rooms or halls marked with chalk, either on the walls or thrown on the floors, and draw their conclusions from them.

May we not bear these little things in mind, for we are sure it is only thoughtlessness on the part of the students. Let us enjoy the spring and the shade and the campus, but let us keep the campus neat and clean, by each one doing his little part.


#### **The New Editor.**

With the current issue, we close our connection in an official capacity with THE MESSENGER staff, and we feel that the public will pardon a few personal remarks. We shall not close with any glowing accounts of "what might have been." On the contrary, we wish to say we have done our best, under the circumstances. We admit there was—there is still—great room for improvement; but even the editorial department has ups and downs as well as other departments of life. It would not be amiss, however, to thank those who have faithfully helped us in the past year—the contributors, those who assisted in suggestions and criticisms, and our readers; and while there will be a change in the editorial staff, there will be the same need of support in the future as there was in the past. In fact, there will be a greater need, for in the life of a magazine there is little middle ground. A magazine either improves just a little with each issue, or falls a little behind. It is the wish of all those connected with THE MESSENGER to see it grow more rapidly in the future than it has in the past, and to do this it is necessary that the student body and the alumni get behind it and work for it harder than ever before. The more work you put in the magazine, the better magazine you will have.

We think THE MESSENGER is to be congratulated upon securing



the services of Mr. J. H. Terry as editor. We can endorse him unqualifiedly, and ask of those who supported us to support him as much and more. Get behind him, and let him feel that he has an efficient corps of assistants as well as contributors, ready, willing and anxious to help him. It will make his burdens lighter. Our best wishes and our highest hopes are for the progress of THE MESSENGER in the true literary world. May the new editor and staff add impetus and energy to it!





# Campus Notes.

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D. N. DAVIDSON, EDITOR.

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SINCE our last issue, the College has had the good fortune to be addressed by many distinguished men and educators. The week ending March 29th was a great one. During this week we were addressed in the College Chapel by Dr. H. S. Pritchett, former president of the Boston Institute of Technology, and now of the Carnegie Board for the Advancement of Learning, and all were greatly pleased with his remarks. He was followed a few days later by Dr. Wallace Buttrick, of the Education Board of New York, our recent benefactors, and on March 29th Dr. Charles Eliot, of Harvard University, addressed the component parts of the Greater Richmond College—Richmond College, Woman's College, and Richmond Academy, in the morning, and the general public in the evening, speaking on municipal reform.

P. Snead: "I have been to a stag party."

Outland: "Were many pretty girls there?"

Mr. J. B. Terrell, having discovered that he had seventeen whiskers, gave a reception to his friends recently in honor of this event. Mr. T. W. Ozlin was toastmaster.

Quite a number of students spent Easter at their homes. We had two days more than usual at that season.

O'Flaherty: "I didn't know Dr. Winston was a bachelor before to-day."

Mintz (selling something): "You ought to buy this; it is a good *investigation*."

Caldwell: "One can't do much with trigonometry without a *detractor*."



Gulick's Lady Friend: "I would like to go to the play to-night."

Gulick: "I would like to sell you a ticket."

Blume: "Look pleasant, Ankers."

Ankers: "How can I look pleasant when I am taking Junior Math?"

"Beef" Montgomery (just before baseball game): "Say, Long, what's the admission to the ten-cent bleachers?"

Belfort went to the Valley to spend Easter, therefore it is necessary for a crow to take rations when flying over that section.

The twenty-seventh course of lectures on the Thomas Foundation Endowment were delivered in the College Chapel on the evenings of April 12th, 13th and 14th on the general theme, "Roman Life in the First Century Before Christ," by Professor Francis W. Kelsey, of the Chair of Latin in the University of Michigan, and president of the Archæological Institute of America. Professor Kelsey is well known to the world of scholarship as an editor of a series of Latin and Greek texts, and English translator of August Mau's "Life and Art of Pompeii."

Professor Kelsey took for his subject, on the night of the 12th, "A Roman House and Its Buried Treasure"; on the following night, "Pompeian Wall Decorations," and on the last night, "The Town House of a Pompeian Gentleman." The lectures were a notable success from every point, and were made exceedingly interesting, by the means of lantern slides. They were well received by the public, as was testified by an overflowing crowd every night.

Smarty: "Abbot, which was the greater, Napoleon or Bonaparte?"

Abbot (hesitating): "I believe that it is conceded that Bonaparte was."

Phil Student: "Doctor, shall we bring in another *experience*?"



Things are getting lively on the diamond now, and the College has several scalps to her credit. Meredith and Clarke are doing the twirling, and, incidentally, it is A1, and as for batting—well, just get out and see the boys do the “willow” act, and it will make your heart glad. Some of the boys are having “visions” already, and here’s hoping the visions will come true. Although up to this time the College has not crossed bats with any of her rivals, we can safely predict a “warm reception.” By our next issue we hope to be able to give a more detailed account of the “events.” In the meantime, “get busy” with your lungs at the games, and watch the boys in Red and Blue for developments, for there are sure to be some.





## Co-Ed. Echoes.

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MISS PAULINE PEARCE, EDITOR.

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WAKE up to tennis, girls! The chance is given us to play on the campus; why not take advantage of it? If we would do so, it would do much toward cultivating that college spirit which is notoriously lacking among Co-Eds. We do not think that the Co-Eds of Richmond College are entirely lacking in this spirit; some of them, indeed, love the College with a devotion which equals if it does not surpass that of the men; but among the majority this spirit might be increased. The men of the College have a great advantage over us in this. With their inter-society and inter-collegiate debates, and their inter-collegiate athletic contests, each man is made to feel that the success or failure of the College enterprise involves his own success. This great advantage to be derived from contests is unfortunately largely denied to us; but if any kind of game, if anything except the routine work of the class-room could be associated with our College work, it would make us look back in after years with much greater pleasure upon our life here, besides giving us pleasure for the day which is passing.

So, girls, let us play; let us add fun to work in our college life, even if we are only "Co-Eds."

Miss Smith—I was just *told*ing Frances about a Presbyterian preacher.

An effort was made by Miss Ware to form an anti-masculine club, but it failed, because it was found that Miss Smith was almost the only eligible member.

Miss Weinstein informs us that she can't play any kinds of games. She can't even play *dynamoes*.



Mr. Cole insists upon leaning back so far in Junior German that Miss S. . . . . objects to the point of almost (?) sticking him with a hatpin.

There has been much guessing as to where the editor got the name of Adam from for Miss Hubbard. Eve would have been decidedly better.

Dr. Bingham (in chemistry A): Mr. Scriminger, how do you determine molecular weights?

Mr. S. (after several minutes of meditation): Ah—hem—ah—  
Dr., I—have—an idea—

Dr. B.: Miss Ware.

Miss Ware: Dr., I haven't *even an idea*.

Wanted—To know why Miss Trevvett always gets to French ten minutes late?

Miss Coffee (to Mr. F.): Why aren't you sitting under the greenwood this beautiful day?

Mr. F.: I would be, if I could find the girl.

Miss Coffee: Oh, I can furnish the girl.

The following verses—the writer bids us deny that they are poetry—express, so she says, the personal feelings of a Co-Ed. We are, however, far from saying that all the Co-Eds agree:.

#### THE TRIALS OF A CO-ED.

When a Co-Ed wants to study,  
Tell me, pray, what she must do?  
Shall she go into the day-room?  
I should like to know from you.

Now, if you'd only try this plan,  
I'm sure you'd very soon see  
That to study in the day-room  
Is a thing denied to me.



The library is there, you say,  
The haven of quiet folk;  
But then, I say, as well I may,  
That rule is ever—broke.

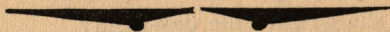
As you see, I may not study,  
So to this end I'll ever strive,  
That conversation to improve,  
Both at home and school shall be my guide.

Now, if I'd be a social light,  
To answer this I must then seek,  
When I meet a fellow-classmate,  
Is it right for me to speak?

Now, this question I can't settle  
All alone, as you may see;  
So, since it must be settled,  
Won't you lend your aid to me?

Miss P. (in Latin exam.): In personal appearance, Horace was *short in fat*.

Dr. Dickey (in blue pencil): Do you not mean that he was *long or fat*?





# Alumni Department.

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PAUL W. ORCHARD, EDITOR.

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THE classes of 1859-1888-1899-1904 will hold their reunions at commencement next June. This is by way of a first call. We want to see every member of these classes who can possibly find, take or make time to get here, on the campus shaking hands with all the old boys. The old campus is still here, although it has changed somewhat since you left it; but, just the same, you can find the room where John (or was it Joe?) and George roomed when you slipped in along the ledge and piled in their room.

The same old trees are here, where you used to lie and study till the grass became so soft and inviting that you didn't care what happened in Latin next day, just so you could lie there half asleep, dreaming of what you would do when you got your degree.

The old things are here, and many new ones; come back and visit them. Come back and see all the old class; they are doing fine, but you will find them changed in face and figure, but glad to see you, just the same.

Now, won't you come? Not only come yourself, but write to George or Joe and tell him to meet you here.

Your classmates will be glad to see you, and you can set a good example for us undergraduates by keeping up your connection with the old school, and show us what a fine record we will have to live up to when we join the "men who have gotten their degrees."

We print herewith the lists of these classes, in the hope that they may be the means of bringing the members of these classes in touch, not only with each other, but with the College also:

## CLASS OF 1859.

### *Bachelors of Arts.*

Prof. William H. Agnew (deceased).....Bedford, Va.  
Rev. D. William Gwin, D. D., LL. D.....Nashville, Tenn.



Prof. John J. Harvey.....	Morgantown, W. Va.
Rev. Hildry E. Hatcher (deceased).....	Orange, Va.
Rev. James A. Mundy, D. D.....	Allens Creek, Va.
Rev. George B. Smith (deceased).....	———, Florida.

## CLASS OF 1884.

*Masters of Arts.*

Prof. Frank Puryear.....	Auburn, Ala.
Rev. Augustus Bartow Rudd, D. D. ....	Ponca, Porto Rico.
Prof. Edward Lee Scott.....	Baton Rouge, La.

*Bachelors of Arts.*

Rev. George Clinton Bundick.....	Singer Glenn, Va.
Rev. John Wheeler Loving.....	Temple, Texas.
Prof. Edward Bagby Pollard, Ph. D., D. D.....	Chester, Pa.
Orren Lewis Stearnes.....	Salem, Va.
W. Warren Talley, M. D. ....	New York City.
Prest. Henry Wise Tribble, D. D.....	Charlottesville, Va.
Rev. Thomas Leigh West, D. D.....	Carrollton, Mo.

## CLASS OF 1899.

*Masters of Arts.*

Rev. Alfred Paul Bagby.....	Glasgow, Ky.
Prof. Robert William Durrett.....	Newport News, Va.
Rev. Arthur Jackson Hall.....	Chicago, Ill.
Prof. Elvin Seth Ligon.....	Richmond, Va.
John William Thomas McNeil (deceased).....	———
Prof. Hugh Godwin Noffsinger.....	Chase City, Va.

*Bachelors of Arts.*

Prof. Claybrook Cottingham.....	Alexandria, La.
Rev. James Alfred Garrett.....	Chicago, Ill.
Dr. Fred Gochnauer.....	Upperville, Va.
Rev. Joseph Emerson Hicks, D. D.....	Danville, Va.
Joseph Day Lee, Esq.....	New York City.



Prof. Walter Scott McNeill.....	Richmond, Va.
Dr. Henry Martin.....	Baltimore, Md.
Rev. Fred Washington Moore.....	Petersburg, Va.
Rev. John William Morgan.....	Alderson, W. Va.
Rev. Samuel Lewis Morgan.....	Littleton, N. C.
Dr. Josiah (Moses) Morse.....	Worcester, Mass.
Vivian Meredith Myers, Esq. ....	Savannah, Ga.
Rev. Robert Walter Neathery.....	Northeast, Pa.
Robert Opie Norris, Jr., Esq. ....	Lively, Va.
Prof. Charles Chilton Pearson.....	New York City.
Rev. Sidney McFarland Sowell.....	Argentina.
Rev. Clarence Everett Taylor.....	———, Pa.
Rev. Calder Truehart Willingham.....	Rome, Ga.

*Bachelors of Science.*

Dr. Allen Weir Freeman.....	Richmond, Va.
Prof. Lulie Gaines Winston.....	Farmville, Va.

*Bachelors of Law.*

Charles Carter Anderson.....	Richmond, Va.
Raymond Wiley Buchanan.....	Fayetteville, Ark.
William Briggs Colonna.....	Newport News, Va.
Charles Burnam Conner.....	Oklahoma.
Haskins Hobson, Jr.....	Powhatan, Va.
Hunter Miller.....	Bedford City, Va.
Orlando Shay Moncure.....	Richmond, Va.
Herbert Lee Norfleet.....	Havana, Cuba.
Edward Samuel Perry, Esq.....	Culpeper, Va.
Maj. George Nicholas Skipwith.....	Richmond, Va.
Harry Tayloe Tyler .....	Belaire, Ohio.
John Cokeley Weckert.....	Richmond, Va.
Benjamin Herndon West (deceased).....	———
Robert Lee Williams.....	Marion, Va.
Arthur W. Winn.....	Richmond, Va.



## CLASS OF 1904.

*Masters of Arts.*

Prof. Wesley Plummer Clark.....	Topeka, Kan.
Rev. Wayland Fuller Dunaway, Jr.....	Waverly, Va.
Charles Chilton Pearson.....	Columbia Union, N. Y.
Rev. George William Fogg.....	Newtown, Va.
Rev. Hugh Wirshing Sublett.....	Manchester, Va.

*Bachelors of Arts.*

Oscar Waller Anderton.....	Florence, Ala.
Samuel Arthur Derieux.....	Greenville, S. C.
Douglas Southall Freeman.....	Richmond, Va.
Richard Fleet Hicks.....	Drewrysville, Va.
George Brooke Ish.....	Accomac, Va.
Menalcus Lankford .....	Norfolk, Va.
James Leavette Powell, Jr.....	Belmont, Va.
Floyd Witt Putney.....	Frederick, Md.
Harlie Bridges Schultz.....	New York City.
Marion Oden Sowers.....	Charleston, W. Va.
Prof. Leroy Ladd Sutherland.....	Staunton, Va.
Samuel Huntington Templeman.....	Waterford, Va.
David Kemper Wood .....	—— ———
Paul Philip Woodfin.....	Waynesboro, Va.
Thomas Temple Wright.....	———, Washington.

*Bachelors of Science.*

Cosby Minor Robertson.....	Greenville, Va.
Harlie Bridges Schultz.....	New York City.

*Bachelors of Law.*

John Joseph Blake.....	Richmond, Va.
Jacob Saul Cohn.....	Richmond, Va.



Stanley Crane DeCamp.....	Richmond, Va.
Deane Hundley .....	Richmond, Va.
Walter Alexander Leake.....	Richmond, Va.
Paul Francis Newell.....	Richmond, Va.
Julian Pendleton Thomas, Jr.....	Appalachia, Va.
James Marshall Turner.....	Amelia, Va.
Alexander Philip Walker.....	Richmond, Va.

Mr. J. F. Cropp ('08) spent a few days with us on the campus last month. He is at Crozer Seminary, while taking supplementary subjects in the University of Pennsylvania, leading to M. A. degree. We all remember Mr. Cropp as the Mu. Sig. member of our '08 debating team that brought us back Randolph-Macon's scalp and cup.

Mr. T. H. Binford, the Philologist member of that team, is in Southern Baptist Seminary. Here's hoping their sermons are as good as their debates!





# Exchange Department.

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RUSSELL G. SMITH, EDITOR.

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THE chief fault to be found in the average short story encountered in college magazines lies in the fact that it is false to life. The question as to how such stories should be criticised causes some hesitancy, for though the fault is a serious one, and though all avoidable faults should be censured, we find the same blemish in the majority of the writings of our modern authors. And yet it appears to us that even the undergraduate could realize that stories which fail to picture life as it is fail just so much in being true literature. "Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see, thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be," and he who expects this in a college periodical awaits a still greater impossibility. But certainly one can realize without being perfect that exaggerated love stories, depicting of unreal social, political, and domestic conditions are not characteristic of good literature. When this is understood there will come an era of new and better productions, and even college short stories will move to the first rank of literary achievement.

## "THE FURMAN ECHO":

The qualities that please us most about the "Echo" for March are the originality of its subject matter, and the almost perfect proportion of the contents.

"A Falloccem Spem" is a queer piece of poetry that gives us one or two examples of "Roosevelt spelling." The writer shows that he has talent, but is clearly not at his best in this instance. The essay, "Easter Day and the Easter Flower," is a well written and instructive paper that displays a knowledge of the subject and a finished style, pleasing to meet with in such an article. The supernatural is handled with a skill in "The Chemist" that leaves the reader thinking. The story is by no means perfect, showing a certain weakness at one or two crucial points, but it is by far the best



of its kind we have yet encountered in any exchange. "Caged Canary" has a good thought behind it and contains some fair character drawing, but its quality hardly warrants the large space it occupies in the "Echo." We pass over the story "Saved By the Strains of Home, Sweet Home" for reasons obvious to all who read it. It is not literature and scarcely holds the attention. The author of "A Requiem" has our sympathy. We have never experienced the "Pangs" ourselves, but we can imagine they are hard to bear. The poem has flashes of beauty that reveal a poetic instinct, but the metre is not good, and the thought somewhat exaggerated. "Modern Altruism," while disclosing some of the faults of present day life, breathes an air of optimism that is refreshing after the perusal of so many "muckrake" articles. There are some broad views expressed that show the result of thought and study.

"THE CAROLINIAN":

Poetry perhaps reaches its highest perfection when it contains a strain of sadness. We do not mean to say that one must be morbid in order to be a poet. The "sadness" of some poems makes us desire to advise the authors to take a rest. But, without doubt, true melancholy is one of the rarest charms that poetry ever possessed. There are one or two poems in the "Carolinian" for March whose virtues are largely due to this quality we have just been discussing. "The Empty Chair" is far from being above reproach in regard to metre and some of the expressions used. Even poetic license has its limits and sitting "in the sad star-shine," for instance, is rather inclined to be humorous. But the thought portrayed is good and the plaintive note makes its appeal. The poem "Deserted" is a masterpiece of college work. Vivid description, excellent choice of words and the beautiful class of poetry to which it belongs, combine with the touch of melancholy to make it a really excellent production.

If only style, diction, unity, and choice of words were to be considered in short stories, "No. 3034" and the "Message of the Violets" would have some strong claims to goodness. But though an article may contain all of these qualities and yet not have some defi-



nite purpose—some point—it is more or less of a failure. The criticism that the two stories in question call forth is their purpose is hazy and not clear-cut. Both however, have some interest, and especially the latter, but neither leave an impression.

The essay "Lanier" is an appreciation of a great southern poet that is well written and skillfully handled. The sentence, however, ending, "that he possessed that strange, indefinable something which, for want of a better name, we call genius," should either have been omitted or written with quotation marks. For, if we are not very much mistaken, the almost identical words have already been used by one of our modern critics.

"To Rising Freshmen" lacks unity and directness, and is too didactic to have much effect.

#### "THE WINTHROP COLLEGE JOURNAL":

The "Journal" contains several articles that go a long way towards changing some of our opinions in regard to the ability of the "gentler sex." We had an idea—a very prejudiced and unfounded one perhaps—that the college woman's power in literature was about as limited as it is in most other things. We may still hold to our views in this matter as regards the majority of women's publications, but not so in the case of the "Journal." We do not mean to imply that the magazine in question is of such a high quality that we can find no blemish. Far from it; but there *are* a number of productions contained therein whose nature shows an insight into things, a knowledge of life, and a certain love of the beautiful that places them in a class far above the average and reveals an ability, unusual, to say the least.

The poem "Greetings" possesses a quality we love to meet with—regard for nature's beauties. So often the scholasticism of college life makes us forget the great works of art around us, and the result is a lack of "nature poetry." "Remembrance" is one of those rare gems seldom met with in college periodicals. The metre is well nigh perfect, and the sweetness and tenderness of the poem affects one deeply.

"An Affair of Love" is a story full of human interest told in a delightful style. Such productions are a relief from the artificiality



we so often meet with. We cannot praise it too highly. "A Panacea Without a Patent" and "For the Honor of the Class" belong to a class of printed matter that never was intellectual and has long since ceased to be effective.

"From De Amicitia" hardly reflects much credit on Cicero. "Some Milestones in Music" and "My Star" might well have been re-written, and "One Erreur Melheureuse" is too funny for our dwarfed humor.

"THE MERCERIAN":

Lack of poetry is about the only serious defect of the March issue of the "Mercerian." It is perhaps a surprising statement to some, but so far we have found that college poetry is, on the average, of a much higher standard than the prose. In fact, it is the only quality that saves a few magazines from being utterly worthless; and so we always deplore its absence from our exchanges.

The "Mercerian" has not, however, entirely ignored the muses. It contains two poems: "Popics" and "The Rose," of which the former can hardly be classed as true poetry. It gives the impression of having been cleverly done, but is not very inspiring. If it were within our province we would like to say just a word or two in defense of Pope, but we pass that by. "The Rose" is eight lines of well expressed thought, but it might have been much better.

The essay "Sidney Lanier" is well handled for about half its length, but the latter portion takes the form of a series of quotations interspersed with a few words by the author of the paper. So often this fault spoils an otherwise excellent article. "Wanted: A Hero" is an excellent development of a deep thought. The ending is just what we have long wished to see. We have grown weary of stories that close with "My Love! My Darling Sweetheart!" or with an implied "happily ever afterwards." Such stuff is not true to life, and when the last scene is one of death or despondency, provided it is consistent with the rest of the plot, we feel like applauding. "A Bit of Evidence" is sadly out of place in the pages of the "Mercerian." We fail utterly to see the point of the story, and are somewhat surprised that so talented a writer is its author.



"Victor Hugo as a World Master" is interesting and well written. "Turkeys an' Husban's" could be funnier, but has a touch of human interest that is pleasing.

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following exchanges: "The Mercerian," "Buff and Blue," "Furman Echo," "Georgetownian," "Huisache," "Western Maryland College Monthly," "Randolph-Macon Monthly," "Carolinian," "Winthrop College Journal," "Gray Jacket," "Southern Collegian," "Limestone Star," "Lesbian Red and White," "Guidon," "Chisel," "William and Mary Literary Herald," "Acorn," "High School Messenger," "Hollins Quarterly," "Magazine," "Wake Forest Student," "Hampden-Sidney Magazine."

